TRISTRAM SHANDY,

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THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, *GENTLEMAN.*

Dixero ſi quid fortè jocoſius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.——— HOR.

—Si quis calumnietur levius eſſe quàm decet theologum, aut mordacius quàm deceat Chriſtianum—non Ego, ſed Democritus dixit——— ERASMUS.

VOL. V.

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THE LIFE

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

I MUST obſerve, that although in the firſt year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the ſummer following the ſpring in which the bridges and ſentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns,——when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns without one TOWN to ſhew for it,—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my uncle Toby, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of ſlit deals, and then painted and clapped within the interior polygon to ſerve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it; but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itſelf.

The one was to have the town built exactly in the ſtyle of thoſe of which it was moſt likely to be repreſentative:—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes, facing the ſtreets, &c. &c.—as thoſe in Ghent and Bruges, and the reſt of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independent, to hook on, or off, ſo as to form the plan

of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the corporal as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer—the town was a perfect Proteus—It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Druſen, and Hagenau,—and then it was Oſtend and Menin, and Aeth and Dendermond.——

——Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince Sodom and Gomorrah, as my uncle Toby's town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle Toby thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.—Trim was for having bells in it.—My uncle Toby ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen braſs field pieces,—to be planted three and three on each ſide of my uncle Toby's ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger,—and ſo on—(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Liſle was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands,—my uncle was ſadly put to it for proper ammunition—I ſay proper ammunition—becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not——For ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers, and ſo heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

SOMETHING, therefore, was wanting as a ſuccedaneum, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxyſms of the ſiege, to keep up ſomething like a continual firing in the imagination,—and this ſomething the corporal,

corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own, without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great deſiderata of my uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe, for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. II.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow —there was

A Montero-cap and two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes.

The Montero-cap I ſhall deſcribe by and bye.—The Turkiſh tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up, and ornamented as uſual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends; the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with ſilver.

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety than his affection.——Tom did not care, Trim, he would ſay, to put on the cap, or to ſmoke in the tobacco-pipe of a Jew.——God bleſs your honour, the corporal would ſay, (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—how can that be?——

The Montero-cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine Spaniſh cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered,—and ſeemed to have been the property of a Portugueſe quarter-maſter, not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own ſake as the ſake of the giver, ſo ſeldom or never

put it on but upon GALA days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right,——it was either his oath,—his wager,—or his gift.

—'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe.

I'll be bound, ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, to give away my Montero-cap to the firſt beggar that comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.

The completion was no further off than the very next morning; which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the Lower Duele, to the right, and the gate St. Andrew,—and on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war,—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides,——and I muſt add the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the allies themſelves that morning above eleven hundred men—my uncle Toby prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his ramillie wig, which had laid inſide out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bedſide, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards,—put it on.—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſtband, he forthwith buckled on his ſword-belt, and had got his ſword half way in,—when he conſidered he ſhould want ſhaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on,—ſo took it off. In eſſaying to put on his regimental coat and waiſtcoat, my uncle Toby found the ſame objection in his wig,——ſo that went off too:——ſo that what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte,—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his uſual time, before my uncle Toby ſallied out.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

MY uncle Toby had ſcarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which ſeparated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had began the attack without him.—

Let me ſtop and give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himſelf in the height of this attack, juſt as it ſtruck my uncle Toby, as he turned towards the ſentry-box, where the corporal was at work; —for in nature there is not ſuch another, nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works produce its equal.

The corporal—

—Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius,—— for he was your kinſman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs,——for he was your brother. O corporal! had I thee, but now, —now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cheriſh thee! Thou ſhould'ſt wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week;—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it:—But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in ſpite of their reverences—the occaſion is loſt—for thou art gone; thy genius fled up to the ſtars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a clod of the valley!

—But what— what is this, to that future and dreaded page where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy maſter—the firſt—the foremoſt of created beings;—where I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard with a trembling hand acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to the door, to take his mourning horſe by the bridle, to follow his hearſe, as he directed thee;—where —all my father's ſyſtems ſhall be baffled by his ſorrows;

 and,

and, in ſpite of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lackered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them—When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek thy fellow?

—Gracious Powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain—when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand.

CHAP. IV.

THE corporal, who in the night before had reſolved in his mind to ſupply the grand deſideratum, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoaking tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my uncle Toby's ſix field pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkiſh tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the ſame number of tin pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and ſealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed ſilk at their ſeveral inſertions into the Morocco tube, he ſhould be able to fire the ſix field pieces all together, and with the ſame eaſe as to fire one.——

——Let no man ſay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's firſt

and

and fecond beds of juftice, ever rife up, and fay again, from collifion of what kinds of bodies light may or may not be ftruck out, to carry the arts and fciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knoweft the fecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my fhirt——Thou art a fool, Shandy, fays Eugenius,—for thou haft but a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy fet.—

No matter for that, Eugenius: I would give the fhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to fatisfy one feverifh enquirer, how many fparks at one good ftroke, a good flint and fteel could ftrike into the tail of it.—Think ye not that in ftriking thefe in,—he might, peradventure, ftrike fomething out? As fure as a gun.—

—But this project by-the-bye.

The corporal fat up the beft part of the night in bringing his to perfection; and having made a fufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. V.

THE corporal had flipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and juft give the enemy a fhot or two before my uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the fix field pieces for this end, all clofe up together in front of my uncle Toby's fentry box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the fake poffibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the fentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wifely taken his poft.—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand;—and the ebony pipe, tipp'd with filver, which appertained to the

battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other—and with his right knee fixed firm on the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his *Montero*-cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs batteries at the ſame time againſt the counterguard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two:—but the pleaſure of the *puff's*, as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father that my uncle Toby had not his will to make that day.

CHAP. VI.

MY uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half to his mouth—then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack—My uncle Toby ſmiled,—then looked grave,—then ſmiled for a moment,—then looked ſerious for a long time.—Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—My uncle Toby put it to his lips,—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge.—Never did my uncle Toby's mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle Toby retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.——

—Dear uncle Toby! don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe,—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

I BEG the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my uncle Toby's ordnance behind the ſcenes,——to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, if *poſſible*, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the reſt of the military apparatus out of the way——That done, my dear friend Garrick, we'll ſnuff the candles bright, ſweep the ſtage with a new broom, draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be a-kin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have ſeen enough of my uncle Toby in theſe, to trace theſe family-likeneſſes, betwixt the two paſſions (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain ſcience! thou aſſiſteſt us in no caſe of this kind —and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle Toby, a ſingleneſs of heart, which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of women;—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you, (when a ſiege was out of his head,) that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my uncle Toby ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle Toby had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of, and which, by-the-bye, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that you might as ſoon—But where am I going? Theſe reflections croud in upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

OF the few legitimate ſons of Adam whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was—(maintaining firſt, all myſogyniſts to be baſtards)——the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off amongſt them nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh for their ſakes I had the key of my ſtudy out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—ſo be content to accept of theſe, for the preſent, in their ſtead.——

There was the great king Aldrovandus, and Boſphorus, and Capadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Aſius,—to ſay nothing of the iron hearted Charles the XIIth, whom the Counteſs of K***** herſelf could make nothing of.——There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneus, and Polixenes, and Perſicus, and Pruſicus, not one of whom (except Capadocius and Pontus, who were both a little ſuſpected) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs——The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do—and ſo had my uncle Toby, till Fate—till Fate, I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with Aldrovandus's and the reſt,—ſhe baſely patched up the peace of Utrecht,

—Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. IX.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my uncle Toby a ſurfeit of ſieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever,—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without

without fetching a figh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and confequently a very dangerous perfon for a man to fit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourfelf,—would always confole my uncle Toby upon thefe occafions, in a way which fhewed plainly, he imagined my uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, fo much as the lofs of his *hobby-horfe*.—Never mind, brother Toby, he would fay,—by God's bleffing we fhall have another war break out again fome of thefe days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themfelves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy 'em, my dear Toby, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,—or towns without fieges.

My uncle Toby never took this back-ftroke of my father's at his hobby-horfe kindly.—He thought the ftroke ungenerous; and the more fo, becaufe, in ftriking the horfe, he hit the rider too, and in the moft difhonourable part a blow could fall; fo that upon thefe occafions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himfelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very fame page gave an inftance to the contrary:—I repeat the obfervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent;—it was not eafy to my uncle Toby to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occafions where the ftream overflowed the man, and ran fo counter to its ufual courfe, that in fome parts my uncle Toby, for a time, was at leaft equal to Tertullus—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was fo highly pleafed with one of thefe apologetical orations of my uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongft my father's papers, with here and there an infertion of

his

his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is endorſed,

My brother TOBY'S *juſtification of his own principles and conduct in wiſhing to continue the war.*

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence,—and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word, (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP. X.

My uncle TOBY'S *apologetical oration.*

I AM not inſenſible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aſpect to the world;——and that, how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be,—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the leſs brave, he will be ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem:—But if his heart is overcharged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have its vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are. What, I *hope*, I have been in all theſe, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to ſay:—much worſe, I know, have I been than I ought—and ſomething worſe, perhaps, than I think: But ſuch as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me,——and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whoſe knowledge, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtime, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and ſcarce a thought in it—Such as I am,

am, brother, you muſt by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow-creatures ſlain,—more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure.—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [*The devil a deed do I know of, dear* Toby, *but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propenſity there?——Did I ſound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and the Seven Champions of England were handed around the ſchool,—were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket-money? Was that ſelfiſh, brother Shandy? When we read over the ſiege of Troy, which laſted ten years and eight months,——tho' with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the deſtruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it? Did any one of you ſhed more tears for Hector? And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.——

—Did that beſpeak me cruel? Or becauſe, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the diſtreſſes of war too? O brother!

O brother! 'tis one thing for a ſoldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to ſcatter cypreſs.—[*Who told thee, my dear* Toby, *that cypreſs was uſed by the ancients on mournful occaſions?*]

—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a ſoldier to hazard his own life——to leap firſt down into the trench, where he is ſure to be cut in pieces—'Tis one thing, from public ſpirit and a thirſt of glory, to enter the breach the firſt man—to ſtand in the foremoſt rank, and march bravely in with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears—'Tis one thing, I ſay, brother Shandy, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miſeries of war;—to view the deſolations of whole countries, and conſider the intolerable fatigues and hardſhips which the ſoldier himſelf, the inſtrument who works them, is forced (for ſixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fever's funeral ſermon, *That ſo ſoft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy and kindneſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for this?*——But why did you not add, Yorick, —if not by Nature—that he is ſo by Neceſſity?—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought, as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmleſs people with their ſwords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witneſs, brother Shandy, that the pleaſure I have taken in theſe things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my ſieges in my bowling-green, has aroſe within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the conſciouſneſs we both had, that in carrying them on, we were anſwering the great ends of our creation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader—I ſay Chriſtian—hoping he is one—and if he is not, I am ſorry for it—and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book——

I told him, Sir—for, in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards, to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equivocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it, —and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford, which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe its way, with all the light the ſun itſelf at noon-day can give it——and now, you ſee, I am loſt myſelf!——

—But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected, you will perceive, without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a **, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumbſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.——

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, ſayeth Cardan. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out—

I begin the chapter over again.

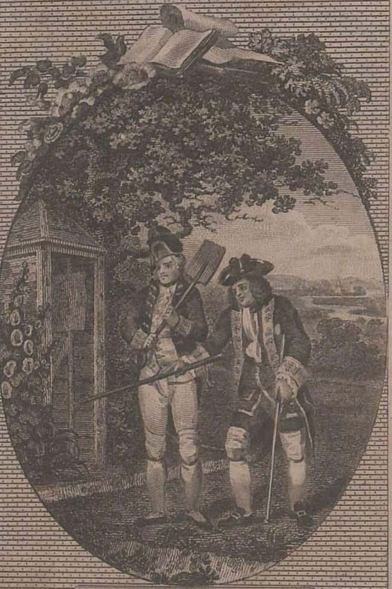
CHAP. XII.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle Toby's apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now, That the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle Toby and his hobby-horſe, as it did betwixt the queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which as good as ſays to him, "I'll "go a-foot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would "ride a ſingle mile upon your back again." Now my uncle Toby could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner; for, in ſtrictneſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe at all—his horſe rather flung him—and ſomewhat *viciouſly*, which made my uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſettled by ſtate jockies as they like.—It created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle Toby and his hobby-horſe.—He had no occaſion for him from the month of March to November, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The French were ſo backwards all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair, and Monſieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magiſtrates at Dunkirk, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the queen,—beſeeching her majeſty to cauſe only her thunder-bolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her diſpleaſure,—but to ſpare—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in its naked ſituation, could be no more than an object of pity—and the queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition,—and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the

 town'



TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL.V. Ch.12. P.
Uncle Toby & Corporal Trim, projecting
a plan of attack upon the Citadel.

W. Grainger delin.   Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row. May 4th 1793.   W. Hawkins sculp.

town difmantled, for thefe private reafons, *; fo that the whole went heavily on with my uncle Toby; infomuch that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had conftructed the town, and put it in a condition to be deftroyed, that the feveral commandants, commiffaries, deputies, negotiators, and intendants, would permit him to fet about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town.—No,—that will never do, corporal, faid my uncle Toby; for in going that way to work with the town, the Englifh garrifon will not be fafe in it an hour; becaufe if the French are treacherous—They are as treacherous as devils, an' pleafe your honour, faid the corporal.—It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, faid my uncle Toby,—for they don't want perfonal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themfelves mafters of the place when they pleafe. Let them enter it, faid the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's fpade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,—let them enter, an' pleafe your honour, if they dare.—In cafes like this, corporal, faid my uncle Toby, flipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wife, with his fore-finger extended,—'tis no part of the confideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare—or what they dare not do; he muft act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the fea and the land, and particularly with fort Louis, the moft diftant of them all, and demolifh it firft,—and the reft, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;—then we'll demolifh the mole,—next fill up the harbour,——then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, corporal, we'll em-

bark for England.——We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himſelf.——Very true, ſaid my uncle Toby—looking at the church.

CHAP. XIII.

A Deluſive, delicious conſultation or two of this kind betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk, for a moment rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures which were ſlipping from under him—Still—ſtill all went on heavily—the magic left the mind the weaker—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head;—and LISTLESSNSSS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him in his arm-chair.—No longer Amberg, and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year,—and the proſpect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Druſen, and Dendermond, the next,—hurried on the blood.—No longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palliſadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe.—No more could my uncle Toby, after paſſing the French lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of France,—croſs over the Oyes, and with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall faſt aſleep with nothing but ideas of glory.—No more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of the Baſtile, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head.

—Softer viſions,—gentler vibrations ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers—The trumpet of war fell out of his hands—he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate! the moſt difficult!—How wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

NOW, becaufe I have once or twice faid, in my inconfiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtfhip of widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moft complete fyftems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreffed to the world—are you to imagine from thence, that I fhall fet out with a defcription of what love is? whether part God and part Devil,—as Plotinus will have it—

—Or by a more critical equation, and fuppofing the whole of love to be as ten—to determine, with Ficinus, "How many parts of it—the one,—and how many the "other;"—or whether it is all of it one great Devil, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I fhall not offer my opinion:——but my opinion of Plato is this; that he appears, from this inftance, to have been a man of much the fame temper and way of reafoning with Doctor Baynyard, who being a great enemy to blifters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as furely to his grave as a hearfe and fix—rafhly concluded, that the devil himfelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing Cantharidis.—

I have nothing to fay to people who allow themfelves this monftrous liberty in arguing, but that Nazianzen cried out (that is polemically) to Phialgrius——

"Ἔυγε!"—*O rare! 'tis fine reafoning, Sir, indeed!* —"ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Πάθεσι"—*and moft nobly do you aim at truth, when you philofophize about it in your moods and paffions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the fame reafon, I fhould ftop to enquire, whether love is a difeafe;—or embroil myfelf with Rhazes and Diofcorides, whether the feat of it is in the brain or liver;—becaufe this would

lead me on to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners in which patients have been treated—the one of Aætius, who always began with a cooling glyſter of hempſeed and bruiſed cucumbers;—and followed on with thin potations of water lillies and purſlane—to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb Hanea;—and where Aætius durſt venture it,—his topaz ring.

——The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his chap. 15. *de amore)* directs they ſhould be threſhed, "*ad putorem uſque*,"—till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with, in the progreſs of my uncle Toby's affairs. I muſt anticipate thus much, that from his theories of love (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle Toby's mind almoſt as much as his amours themſelves)——he took a ſingle ſtep into practice;——and by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect upon my uncle Toby without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: All that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this,—That whatever effect it had upon my uncle Toby—it had a vile effect upon the houſe; and if my uncle Toby had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XV.

——'TWILL come out of itſelf by and bye.——All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can

get on no further,——and find myfelf entangled on all fides of this myftic labyrinth,——my opinion will then come in, in courfe,—and lead me out.

At prefent, I hope I fhall be fufficiently underftood, in telling the reader, my uncle Toby *fell in love*.

—Not that the phrafe is at all to my liking: for to fay a man is *fallen* in love,—or that he is *deeply* in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and fometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man——This is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityfhip,—I hold to be damnable and heretical; and fo much for that.

Let love therefore be what it will,—my uncle Toby fell into it.

—And poffibly, gentle reader, with fuch a temptation—fo would'ft thou; for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupifcence covet any thing in this world more concupifcible than widow Wadman.

CHAP. XVI.

TO conceive this right,—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind—as unlike your miftrefs as you can—as unlike your wife as your confcience will let you—'tis all one to me—pleafe but your own fancy in it,

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

—Was ever any thing in nature ſo ſweet!—ſo exquiſite!

—Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle Toby reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page at leaſt, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. XVII.

AS Suſannah was informed by an expreſs from Mrs. Bridget, of my uncle Toby's falling in love, with her miſtreſs, fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which expreſs, Suſannah communicated to my mother the next day,—it has given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother, which will ſurpriſe you greatly.

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.—

"—My brother Toby, quoth ſhe, is going to be "married to Mrs. Wadman."

—Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie diagonally in his bed again, as long as he lives.

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

—That ſhe is not a woman of ſcience, my father would ſay—is her misfortune—but ſhe might aſk a queſtion—

My mother never did—In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world at laſt without knowing whether it turned *round* or ſtood *ſtill*.—My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times which way it was,——but ſhe always forgot.

For

For theſe reaſons a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much further betwixt them, than a propoſition,—a reply,—and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worſe for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-ſtone, ſaid my father—he may as well batter away his means upon that as any thing elſe.

—To be ſure, ſaid my mother: ſo here ended the propoſition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

It will be ſome amuſement to him, too, ſaid my father.

A very great one, anſwered my mother, if he ſhould have children.—

—Lord have mercy upon me,—ſaid my father to himſelf—* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
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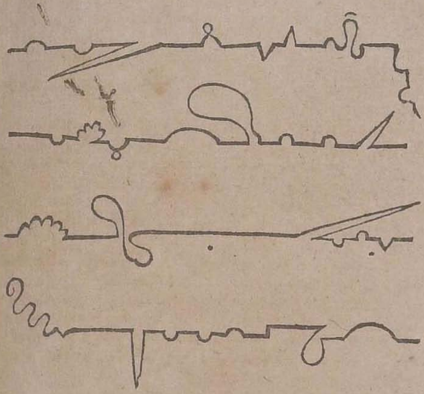
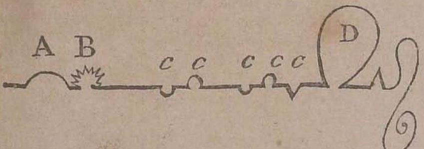
CHAP. XVIII.

I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold ſeeds, I make no doubt but I ſhall be able to go on with my uncle Toby's ſtory, and my own, in a tolerable ſtraight line. Now,



Theſe were the four lines I moved in through my firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth volumes.—In the firſt volume I have been very good,—the preciſe line I have deſcribed in it being thus:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre—and the indented curve, B, which is the ſhort airing when I was there with the Lady Bauſſiere and her page,—I have not taken the

leaſt

leaſt friſk of a digreſſion, till John de la Caſſe's devils led me the round you ſee marked D:—for as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parentheſes and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D—they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume I have done better ſtill—for from the end of Le Fever's epiſode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible——by the good leave of his grace of Benevento's devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

---

which is a line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler, (borrowed for that purpoſe,) turning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This *right line*—the path way for Chriſtians to walk in! ſay divines—

—The emblem of moral rectitude! ſays Cicero—

The *beſt line!* ſay cabbage-planters—is the ſhorteſt line, ſays Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.—

I wiſh your ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart in your next birth day ſuits!—What a journey!

Pray can you tell me—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines—by what miſtake—who told them ſo—or how it is come to paſs, that young men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of GRAVITATION.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

NO——I think, I said I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now)—speaking of my book as a machine, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I swore it should be kept a going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the fountain of life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay, so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations) that on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for; cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green: in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when Death himself knocked at my door—ye bad him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission——

"There must certainly be some mistake in this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse than to be interrupted in a story—and as I was that moment telling Eugenius a most tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muscle, and was shewing him the grounds and justice of the procedure—

"—Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?" quoth Death, Thou hast had a narrow escape,

Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finiſhed my ſtory ——

But there is no living, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for as this ſon of a whore has found out my lodgings ——

——You call him rightly, ſaid Eugenius—for by ſin, we are told, he entered the world.—I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to take me out with him—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thouſand things to ſay and do, which no body in the world will ſay and do for me, except thyſelf; and as thou ſeeſt he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table) and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcatter'd ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to ſupport me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life?—'Tis my advice, my dear Triſtram, ſaid Eugenius——Then, by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of—for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the Garonne; and if I hear him clattering at my heels——I'll ſcamper away to mount Veſuvius—from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end, where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck——

—He runs more riſk there, ſaid Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been ſome months baniſhed—'Twas a vile moment to bid adieu in. He led me to my chaiſe—Allons! ſaid I—the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip—off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

NOW hang it, quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coaſt——a man ſhould know ſomething of his own country too, before he goes abroad—and I never gave a peep into Rocheſter church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or viſited St. Thomas at Canterbury, though they all three laid in my way——

— But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe——

So without arguing the matter further with Thomas o' Becket, or any one elſe—I ſkipp'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcudded away like the wind.

Pray, captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by death on this paſſage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be ſick in it, replied he——What a curſed lyar! for I am ſick as a horſe, quoth I, already——What a brain!——upſide down!—Hey-dey! the cells are broke looſe one into another, and the blood and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one maſs——Good g—! every thing turns round in it like a thouſand whirlpools——I'd give a ſhilling to know if I ſhan't write the clearer for it.——

Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!

—When ſhall we get to land, captain?—They have hearts like ſtones—O, I am deadly ſick!—reach me that thing, boy——'Tis the moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs—I wiſh I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un—O! undone! Sir—What the firſt time?—No, 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, Sir.—Hey-dey—what a trampling over-head!—Hollo! cabin-boy! what's the matter?——

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I ſhall meet him full in the face.

What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, master—O the devil chop it——

Captain, quoth she, for heaven's sake, let us get ashore

CHAP. XXI.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haste, that there are three distinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which, there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First, the road by Lisle and Arras, which is the most about—but most interesting and instructing.

The second, that by Amiens, which you may go, if you would see Chantilly.—

And that by Beauvais, which you may go if you will.

For this reason a great many chuse to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. XXII.

"NOW before I quit Calais," a travel-writer would say, "It would not be amiss to give some account of it."—Now I think it very much amiss—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he must be turning about, and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, 'o my conscience, for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have wrote and gallop'd—or who have gallop'd and wrote, which is a different way still; or who, for more expedition than the rest, have wrote galloping, which is the way I do at present——from the great Addison, who did it with his satchel of school-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke

—there

—there is not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in case he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dryshod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal—I know no more of Calais (except the little my barber told me of it, as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out; and yet, by merely knowing what it was, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itself—and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of Abdera? and was not (I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of Ephesus?—It should be penn'd moreover, Sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision—

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. XXIII.

CALAIS, *Calatium*, *Calusium*, *Calesium*.

This town, if we may trust its archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question in this place—was once no more than a small village belonging to one of the first Counts de Guines; and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville*, or suburbs—it must have

grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to its preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town. I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time—it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſter-piece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near ſixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itſelf—therefore, I ſuppoſe it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the great Square; though I cannot ſay 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it. Could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very center of this ſquare—not that it is properly a ſquare—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt, than from north to ſouth; ſo that the French in general have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them Places than Squares, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure they are not.

The town-houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair, otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place: it anſwers, however, its deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to

time;

time; ſo that 'tis preſumable juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen: it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built, and moſtly of brick; 'tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.——A traveller might ſee it to ſatisfy himſelf—He muſt not omit, however, taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis ſo called from its particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land;——but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by Philip of France, Count of Bologne, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gaſcony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the *Tete de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money; ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the campaign, and conſequently occupy a large tract of ground.—However, after all that is ſaid and done, it muſt be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from its ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors upon all occaſions into France. It was not without its inconveniences alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the Engliſh in thoſe times, than Dunkirk has been to us in ours; ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reaſon that there have riſen ſo many contentions who ſhould

ſhould keep it: of theſe, the ſiege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extreme miſery. The gallantry of Euſtace de St. Pierre, who firſt offered himſelf a victim for his fellow-citizens, has ranked his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in Rapin's own words.

CHAP. XXIV.

——BUT courage! gentle reader!—I ſcorn it—'Tis enough to have thee in my power—but to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much—No——! by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages which I have no right to ſell thee,——naked as I am, I would browſe upon the mountains, and ſmile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my ſupper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the beſt of thy way to Boulogne.

CHAP. XXV.

——BOULOGNE!——hah!——ſo we are all got together—debtors and ſinners before heaven; a jolly ſet of us—but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you—I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes:—— for heaven's ſake, make haſte——'Tis for high treaſon, quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could

to

to a very tall man that ſtood next him——Or elſe for murder, quoth the tall man——Well thrown, *Size-Ace!* quoth I. No, quoth a third; the gentleman has been committing—— ——.

Ah! *ma chere fille!* ſaid I, as ſhe tripp'd by, from her matins—you look as roſy as the morning; (for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious.)——No; it can't be that, quoth a forth——(She made a curt'ſy to me—I kiſs'd my hand)—'tis debt, continued he. 'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth. I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thouſand pounds. Nor would I, quoth *Size*, for ſix times the ſum—Well thrown, *Size-Ace*, again! quoth I:—but I have no debt but the debt of Nature, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her——How can you be ſo hard-hearted, Madam, to arreſt a poor traveller going along without moleſtation to any one, upon his lawful occaſions? Do ſtop that death-looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a ſcare-ſinner, who is poſting after me—he never would have followed me but for you——if it be but for a ſtage, or two, juſt to give me the ſtart of him, I beſeech you, Madam.——Do, dear lady.——

——Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Iriſh hoſt, that all this good courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.——

——Simpleton! quoth I.

——So you have nothing elſe in Boulogne worth ſeeing?

By Jaſus! there is the fineſt *Seminary* for the *Humanities*——

—There cannot be a finer, quoth I.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let it be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the most haste, the worst speed,*" was all the reflection I made upon the affair the first time it happen'd: the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth, to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:

That something is always wrong in a French *post-chaise upon first setting out.*

Or the proposition may stand thus:

A French *postillion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.*

What's wrong now?—Diable!—a rope's broke!——a knot has slipt!——a staple's drawn!——a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.——

Now true as all this is, I never think myself impower'd to excommuicate thereupon either the post-chaise or its driver—nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go a-foot ten thousand times——or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—for I never

chaff,

chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.——Do ſo, my lad! ſaid I. He had loſt five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread which he had cramm'd into the chaiſe-pocket, and was remounted, and going leiſurely on, to relish it the better——Get on, my lad, ſaid I, briſkly—but in the moſt perſuaſive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four-and-twenty ſous piece againſt the glaſs, taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him as he looked back. The dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his ſooty muzzle diſcover'd ſuch a pearly row of teeth, that Sovereignty would have pawn'd her jewels for them.—

Juſt heaven! { What maſticators!—
What bread!

and ſo, as he finiſh'd the laſt mouthful of it, we enter'd the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. XXVII.

THERE is not a town in all France, which in my opinion looks better in the map than Montreuil.—I own, it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it—to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at preſent very handſome; and that is the inn-keeper's daughter. She has been eighteen months at Amiens, and ſix at Paris, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.—

—A ſlut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking——Yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gipſy!—'tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

——That nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*—

—But

—But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs—— beſides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well for a drawing—— may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main-ſtrength, all the days of my life —if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery.—

—But your worſhips chuſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh church, or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint Auſtreberte, which has been tranſported from Artois hither—Every thing is juſt, I ſuppoſe, as the maſons and carpenters left them——and if the belief in Chriſt continues ſo long, will be ſo theſe fifty years to come—ſo your worſhips and reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures——But he who meaſures thee, Janatone, muſt do it now—thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame; and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are paſs'd and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumkin, and loſe thy ſhapes ——or thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty—nay, thou mayeſt go off like a huſſy—and loſe thyſelf.—I would not anſwer for my aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive——'faith, ſcarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds—

——But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of Apollo, I'll be ſhot—

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in paſſing through Montreuil, you will ſee at your chaiſe-door, as you change horſes; but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon as I have—you had better ſtop:—She has a little of the devote; but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour—

—L— - help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and re-piqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ALL which being conſidered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined——I wiſh I was at Abbeville, quoth I, were it only to ſee how they card and ſpin—ſo off we ſet.

* *de Montreuil a Nampont—poſte et demi de Nampont*
a Bernay- - - poſte
de Bernay a Nouvion- - - poſte
de Nouvion a Abbeville poſte
——but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XXIX.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XXX.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his gliſter——I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe—but rather in ſome decent inn—At home, I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my

* Vid. Book of French poſt-roads, page 36, edition of 1762.

brows and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed, but punctual attention—But mark; this inn ſhould not be the inn at Abbeville——If there was not another inn in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo

Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir,—or by Genevieve! I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe, ſhall wake the dead.

CHAP. XXXI.

"MAKE *them like unto a wheel*," is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the grand tour, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which David prophetically foreſaw, would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great biſhop Hall, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which David ever uttered againſt the enemies of the Lord—and as if he had ſaid, "I wiſh them no worſe luck "than always to be rolling about"—So much motion, continues he—(for he was very corpulent)—is ſo much unquietneſs; and ſo much of reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo much of heaven.

Now I (being very thin) think differently; and that ſo much of motion is ſo much of life, and ſo much of joy——and that to ſtand ſtill, or get on but ſlowly, is death and the devil—

Hollo! ho!—the whole world's aſleep!——bring out the horſes——greaſe the wheels——tie on the mail——and drive a nail into that moulding—I'll not loſe a moment—

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curſeth his enemies, according to the biſhop's habit

habit of body, ſhould certainly be a poſt-chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in Paleſtine at that time or not —and my wheel, for the contrary reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make no ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their "*χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τȣ̃ Σώματος, εις το καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν*"—[their] "*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*" No man thinks right while he is in it; blinded, as he muſt be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, with too lax or too tenſe a fibre—Reaſon is, half of it, Senſe; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions—

—But which of the two, in the preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?

You, certainly, quoth ſhe, to diſturb a whole family ſo early.

CHAP. XXXII.

——But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris;—yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing;—'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls from which Leſſius (*lib.* 13. *de moribus divinis, cap.* 24.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can poſſibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate——unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God——I don't know ——I am much more at a loſs what could be in Franciſcus Riberra's head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into

itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—He certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in a course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk; so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In Lessius's time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined—

——We find them less *now*—

And next winter we shall find them less again; so that if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we shall have no souls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewise of the existence of the Christian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out together—

Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddess! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!—But where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I, who must be cut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination——Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XXXIII.

—"So hating, I say, to make mysteries of *nothing*"—I entrusted it with the post-boy, as soon as ever I got off the stones: he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horse trotting, and a sort of an up-and-a-down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au clochers, famed in days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but we danced through it without music——the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France.)

And

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed from
Ailly au clochers, I got to Hixcourt;
from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay; and
from Pequignay, I got to Amiens,
concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before—and that was—that Janatone went there to ſchool.

C H A P. XXXIV.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations which come puffing acroſs a man's canvaſs, there is not one of a more teaſing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe—and for which—(unleſs you travel with an avance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help; and it is this:

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep—though you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt country—upon the beſt roads—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world—nay, was you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake—nay perhaps better—yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage—with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence, three livres fifteen ſous (ſous by ſous) puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it (or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and a half, that is but nine)—were it to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

—I'll be even with 'em, quoth I; for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way. "Now I ſhall have nothing to do," (ſaid I, compoſing myſelf to reſt,) "but to drop "this gently into the poſt-boy's hat, and not ſay a

 "word."

"word." Then there wants two ſous more to drink —or there is a twelve ſous piece of Louis XIV. which will not paſs——or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouſe him. Still is ſweet ſleep retrievable; and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows—but then, by heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle poſt—whereas 'tis a poſt and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monſieur le Curè offers you a pinch of ſnuff—or a poor ſoldier ſhews you his leg——or a ſhaveling his box——or the prieſteſſe of the ciſtern will water your wheels—they do not want it—but ſhe ſwears by her prieſthood (throwing it back) that they do:——then you have all theſe points to argue, or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened—you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſs'd clean by the ſtables of Chantilly——

—But the poſtillion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced—and ſeeing the mark upon it, as plain as my noſe—I leap'd out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at Chantilly in ſpite.——I tried it but for three poſts and a half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to ſtop you; by which means it was that I paſs'd through St. Dennis, without turning my head ſo much as on one ſide towards the Abby—

——Richneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff and nonſenſe!—bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give three ſous for any one thing in it, but Judas's *lantern*—nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

CRACK, crack—crack, crack——crack, crack—So this is Paris! quoth I (continuing in the ſame mood) —and this is Paris!—humph!—Paris! cried I, repeating the name a third time——

The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt brilliant—

—The ſtreets, however, are naſty.

But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than it ſmells—crack, crack——crack, crack——What a fuſs thou makeſt! —as if it concerned the good people to be inform'd, That a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clo.k at night, by a poſtillion in a tawny yellow jerkin turned up with red calamanco——Crack, crack——crack, crack —crack, crack——I wiſh thy whip—

——But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; ſo crack—crack on.

Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY herſelf, if the walls are beſh-t—how can you do otherwiſe?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What? —never in the ſummer months!—Ho! 'tis the time of ſallads.——O rare! ſallad and ſoup—ſoup and ſallad— ſallad and ſoup, *encore*—

'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it: how can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? Don't you ſee, friend, the ſtreets are ſo villainouſly narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheelbarrow? In the grandeſt city of the whole world, it would not have been amiſs, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only ſo much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a man might know (was it only for ſatisfaction) on which ſide of it he was walking.

One—

One—two—three—four—five—fix—seven—eight—nine—ten.——Ten cooks fhops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on fome great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint confent had faid—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating——they are all *gourmands*—we fhall rank high; if their god is their belly——their cooks muft be gentlemen: and for as much as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig,—*ergo*, would the barbers fay, we fhall rank higher ftill—we fhall be above you all—we fhall be * Capitouls at leaft—*pardi!* we fhall all wear fwords——

——And fo, one would fwear, (that is by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it,) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE French are certainly mifunderftood:——but whether the fault is theirs, in not fufficiently explaining themfelves, or fpeaking with that exact limitation and precifion which one would expect on a point of fuch importance, and which, moreover, is fo likely to be contefted by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our fide, in not underftanding their language always fo critically as to know "what they would be at"—I fhall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have feen* Paris, *have feen every thing*," they muft mean to fpeak of thofe who have feen it by day-light.

As for candle-light——I give it up——I have faid before, there was no depending upon it——and I repeat it again; but not becaufe the lights and fhades are too fharp——or the tints confounded——or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not

* Chief Magiftrate in Touloufe, &c. &c. &c.

not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this respect, That in all the five hundred grand Hotels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a Hotel) which by candle-light are best to be *seen, felt, heard and understood* (which, by-the-bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis simply this,

That by the last survey taken in the year one thousand seven hundred sixteen, since which time there have been considerable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred streets; *(viz.)*

In the quarter called the City——there are fifty-three streets.
In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five streets.
In St. Oportune, thirty-four streets.
In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five streets.
In the Palace-Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine streets.
In Mont. Martyr, forty-one streets.
In St. Eustace, twenty-nine streets.
In the Halles, twenty-seven streets.
In St. Dennis, fifty-five streets.
In St. Martin, fifty-four streets.
In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-seven streets.
The Greve, thirty-eight streets.
In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen streets.
In the Marais, or the Temple, fifty-two streets.
In St. Antony's, sixty-eight streets.
In the Place Maubert, eighty-one streets.
In St. Bennet, sixty streets.
In St. Andrews de Arcs, fifty-one streets.
In the quarter of the Luxembourg, sixty-two streets.
And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five streets.

Into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their squares, their

statues

ſtatues - - - - and have cruſaded it moreover through all their pariſh-churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice - - - and to crown all, having taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee either with or without the ſtatues and pictures, juſt as you chuſe—

—Then you will have ſeen—

—but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourſelf upon the portico of the Louvre, in theſe words,

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY DOWN.

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

CHAP. XXXVII.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the laſt chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *ſpleen*——eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that by any analyſis—or that from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men——not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other——which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

S P L E E N.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I ſtill continue in the

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————ulla parem.

the ſame ſentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that, though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time; for which reaſon I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my firſt principle on which I ſet out —and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the Garonne—

——No;——I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their cuſtoms—their laws—their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce——their finances, with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them; qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time, making theſe things the entire ſubject of my enquiries and reflections——

Still—ſtill I muſt away—the roads are paved—the poſts are ſhort—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I ſhall be at Fountainbleau before the king——

——Was he going there? not that I know——

CHAP. XXXVIII.

NOW I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on ſo faſt in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faſter, *conſideratis conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles, with the mountains of baggage which you lay both behind and before upon them—and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all. Their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian; and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French poſt-horſe would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words ****** and ******, in which there is as

much ſuſtenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn. Now as theſe words coſt nothing, I long from my ſoul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion —they muſt be told him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour; for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no purpoſe, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy that ear which the reader chooſes to lend me—I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

—My ink burns my finger to try—and when I have ——'twill have a worſe conſequence——it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No;—I dare not——

But if you wiſh to know how the abbeſs of Andoüillets, and a novice of her convent, got over the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)——I'll tell you without the leaſt ſcruple.

C H A P. XXXIX.

THE abbeſs of Andoüillets, which, if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps now publiſhing at Paris, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an anchyloſis, or ſtiff joint, (the ſinovia of her knee becoming hard by long matins,) and having tried every remedy —firſt, prayers and thankſgiving; then invocations to all the ſaints in heaven promiſcuouſly—then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her— then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh bone of the man of Lyſtra, who had been impotent from his youth—then wrapping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed——then croſswiſe her roſary—then bringing in to her aid the ſecular arm,

arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals ——then treating it with emollient and reſolving fomentations——then with poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lillies and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap——then decoctions of wild chicory, water-creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily and cochlearia—and nothing all this while anſwering, was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot baths of Bourbon—ſo having firſt obtained leave of the viſitor-general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey. A novice of the convent, of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled was a whitloe in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the abbeſs's caſt poultices, &c.—had gained ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calaſh, belonging to the abbeſs, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—The gardener of the convent being choſen muleteer, led out the two mules to clip the hair from the rump end of their tails; whilſt a couple of a lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled——The under-gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees—and a tailor ſat muſically at it, in a ſhed over-againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong

——The carpenter and the ſmith of Andoüillets held a council of wheels; and by ſeven the morning after, all look'd ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of Bourbon—Two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The abbeſs of Andoüillets, ſupported by Margarita, the novice, advanced ſlowly to the calaſh, both clad in white, with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts—

 —There

——There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt. They entered the calaſh. The nuns, in the ſame uniform, ſweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and Margarita look'd up—each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lily hand which let it go. The good abbeſs and Margarita laid their hands ſaint-wiſe upon their breaſts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd "God bleſs you, dear ſiſters."

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, who I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-ſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the calaſh, with a large ruſſet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the ſun; and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till, by frequent coming and going, it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one-half of the journey was finiſh'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was ſteep—a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions—a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves—"Come—come, thirſty muleteer—come in."

—The muleteer was a ſon of Adam. I need not ſay one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a ſound laſh, and looking in the abbeſs's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to ſay, "here I am"——he gave a ſecond good crack——as much as to ſay to his mules, "get on"—ſo ſlinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; ſo entering into a long converſation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andoüillets, &c. &c. and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c.—&c.—and as how ſhe had got a white ſwelling by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, *&c. &c.* and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg——ſhe might as well be lame of both—*&c. &c. &c.*—he ſo contrived his ſtory, as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her the little novice—and, what was a more tickliſh point to be forgot than both—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inaſmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men and women and beaſts are)—they do it ſide-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways—and up-hill, and down-hill, and which way they can.—Philoſophers, with all their ethics, have never conſidered this rightly—how ſhould the poor muleteer then, in his cups, conſider it all? He did not in the leaſt—'tis time we do: let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happieſt and moſt thoughtleſs of mortal men—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbeſs, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two laſt ſtrokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own conſciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one-half of it; when the elder of them, a ſhrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a ſide glance, and no muleteer behind them——

By my fig! ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, I'll go no further—And if I do, replied the other—they ſhall make a drum of my hide——

And ſo with one conſent they ſtopp'd thus——

CHAP. XL.

——Get on with you, ſaid the abbeſs.

——Wh - - - - yſh——yſh——cried Margarita.

Sh - - - a——ſhu - u——ſhu - - u——ſh - - aw—— ſhaw'd the abbeſs.

——Wh - - v - - w——whew - - w - -w——whuv'd Margarita, purſing up her ſweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whiſtle.

Thump—thump—thump—obſtreperated the abbeſs of Andoüillets with the end of her gold-headed cane againſt the bottom of the calaſh——

——The old mule let a f - - -

CHAP. XLI.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, ſaid the abbeſs to Margarita—we ſhall be here all night—we ſhall be plunder'd—we ſhall be raviſh'd——

——We ſhall be raviſh'd, ſaid Margarita, as ſure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbeſs (forgetting the *O!*) —why was I govern'd by this wicked ſtiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andoüillets? and why didſt thou not ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *ſervant*—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where, rather than be in this ſtrait?

——Strait! ſaid the abbeſs.

Strait—ſaid the novice; for terror had ſtruck their underſtandings—the one knew not what ſhe ſaid—the other what ſhe anſwered.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbeſs.

——inity!—inity! ſaid the novice, ſobbing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no; be he never ſo obſtinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbeſs, in the utmoſt horror—No, replied Margarita calmly—but they are words ſinful—What are they, quoth the abbeſs, interrupting her. They are ſinful in the firſt degree, anſwered Margarita—they are mortal—and if we are raviſh'd, and die unabſolved of them, we ſhall both——But you may pronounce them to me, quoth the abbeſs of Andoüillets—They cannot, my dear mother, ſaid the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face—But you may whiſper them in my ear, quoth the abbeſs.

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouze the muleteer from his banquet?—no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and Margarita, with their black roſaries!

Rouſe! rouſe!—but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment——

—and how to tell them—Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting with unpolluted lips—inſtruct me—guide me—

CHAP. XLIII.

ALL ſins whatever, quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, are held by the confeſſor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there

is no further divifion. Now a venial fin being the flighteft and leaft of all fins—being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving the reft—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourfelf and another perfon—in courfe becomes diluted into no fin at all.

Now I fee no fin in faying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou*, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the fyllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger*, were it from our matins to our vefpers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbefs of Andoüillets—I will fay *bou*, and thou fhalt fay *ger*; and then alternately, as there is no more fin in *fou* than in *bou*—thou fhalt fay *fou*—and I will come in (like fa, fol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter*. And accordingly the abbefs, giving the pitch note, fet off thus:

Abbefs, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } ——ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbefs, } ——ter, - - ter, - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lafh of their tails; but it went no further.—'Twill anfwer by an' bye, faid the novice.

Abbefs, } Bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-
Margarita, } —ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker ftill, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker ftill, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker ftill—God preferve me! faid the abbefs—They do not underftand us, cried Margarita—But the Devil does, faid the abbefs of Andoüillets.

CHAP. XLIV.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm fun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I feen, during the

the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON, the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and MACON, the capital of the Maconeſe, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS —and now I have run them over—I might as well talk to you of ſo many market-towns in the moon, as to tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next entirely loſt, do what I will—

—Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory! Triſtram.

——Alas! Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs—the peace of meekneſs, or the contentment of reſignation—I had not been incommoded:—or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom, and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever——you would have come with a better appetite from it—

—I wiſh I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out—let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

—Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you ſit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cuſhion—I'll put it on—

Bleſs me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.—There then let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle-di
and a fa-ri diddle-d
and a high-dum - - - dye dum
fiddle - - - dumb-c.

And now, madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. XLV.

—All you need ſay of Fontainbleau (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth ſomething) from Paris, in the middle of a large foreſt—That

there

there is ſomething great in it—That the king goes there once every two or three years with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chace—and that during that carnival of ſporting, any Engliſh gentleman of faſhion (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king—

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt, becauſe it will make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.—*Allons!*

As for SENS——you may diſpatch it in a word——“ *'Tis an archiepiſcopal See.*”

—For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever; for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my uncle Toby, and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with the project of knitting my father a pair of large worſted breeches—(the thing is common ſenſe)—and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home at SHANDY-HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at Auxerre, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature that they would have found fruit even in a deſert—he has left me enough to ſay upon Auxerre: in ſhort, wherever my father went—but 'twas more remarkably ſo in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other ſtages of his life—his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that wherein all other travellers had gone before him—he ſaw kings and courts, and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch ſtrange lights—and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs'd over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my uncle Toby and Trim—(to ſay nothing of myſelf)—

myſelf)—and to crown all—the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatry—they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragicomical a contexture,—That, the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of Europe which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault muſt be mine, and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more;—or, which comes to the ſame point——till the world, finally, takes it into its head to ſtand ſtill.

—But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel the myſtery of my father's ſtay at Auxerre.

—As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother Toby, ſaid my father, whilſt dinner is coddling—to the abbey of Saint Germain, if it be only to ſee theſe bodies, of which Monſieur Sequier has given ſuch a recommendation.——I'll go ſee any body, quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every ſtep of the journey—Defend me! ſaid my father—they are all mummies—Then one need not ſhave, quoth my uncle Toby—Shave! no—cried my father——'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of Saint Germain.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very ſuperb, and very magnificent, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines—but our curioſity has led us to ſee the bodies, of which Monſieur Sequier has given the world ſo exact a deſcription.—The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe, he led us into the tomb of St. Herebald——This, ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the houſe of Bavaria, who, under the ſucceſſive reigns of Charlemagne,

magne, Louis le Debonair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great ſway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and diſcipline—

Then he has been as great, ſaid my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet—I dare ſay he has been a gallant ſoldier—He was a monk—ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My uncle Toby and Trim ſought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not. My father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very ſmell of a monk, worſe than all the devils in hell—yet the ſhot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

——And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather ſportingly. This tomb, ſaid the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of Saint Maxima, who came from Ravenna on purpoſe to touch the body——

——Of Saint Maximus, ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him—they were two of the greateſt ſaints in the whole martyrology, added my father——Excuſe me, ſaid the ſacriſtan——'twas to touch the bones of Saint Germain, the builder of the abbey ——And what did ſhe get by it? ſaid my uncle Toby —What does any woman get by it? ſaid my father—— Martyrdom, replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with ſo humble, but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis ſuppoſed, continued the Benedictine, that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization.——'Tis but a ſlow riſe, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this ſelf-ſame army of martyrs.—A deſperate ſlow one, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid Trim, unleſs one could purchaſe——I ſhould rather ſell out entirely, quoth my uncle Toby——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby, ſaid my father.

—Poor

——Poor St. Maxima! ſaid my uncle Toby, low to himſelf, as we turn'd from her tomb. She was one of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the ſacriſtan—But who the deuce has got lain down here, beſides her, quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as he walked on.——It is Saint Optat, Sir, anſwered the ſacriſtan——And properly is Saint Optat plac'd! ſaid my father. And what is Saint Optat's ſtory? continued he. Saint Optant, replied the ſacriſtan, was a biſhop——

——I thought ſo, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him—Saint Optat!—how ſhould Saint Optat fail? ſo ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of chriſtian names; and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that had he found a treaſure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich: 'Twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had paſſed in it—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in Auxerre.

——I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good gentry to-morrow, ſaid my father, as we croſs'd over the ſquare—And while you are paying that viſit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby,—the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. XLVI.

——NOW this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all—for in this laſt chapter, as far at leaſt as it has help'd me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half-way out of Auxerre in that which I ſhall write hereafter—There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing, and by puſhing at ſomething beyond

yond that, I have brought myfelf into fuch a fituation as no traveller ever ftood before me; for I am this moment walking acrofs the market-place of Auxerre with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back to dinner——and I am this moment alfo entering Lyons with my poft-chaife broke into a thoufand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handfome pavillion, built by Pringello *, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Monf. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now fit rhapfodizing all thefe affairs.

—Let me collect myfelf, and purfue my journey.

CHAP. XLVII.

I AM glad of it, faid I, fettling the account with myfelf as I walked into Lyons—my chaife being all ajar higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving flowly before me——I am heartily glad, faid I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not coft me feven livres—and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or affes, if I like, (for nobody knows me,) and crofs the plains of Languedoc, for almoft nothing—I fhall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune, clear into my purfe; and pleafure! worth——worth double the money by it.——With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, fhall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the Vivares on my right hand, and Dauphiny on my left, fcarce feeing the ancient cities of Vienne, Valence, and Vivieres! What a flame will

it

* The fame Don Pringello, the celebrated Spanifh architect, of whom my coufin Antony has made fuch honourable mention in a fcholium to the tale infcribed to his name.——Vid. p. 129. fmall edit.

re-kindle in the lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from e Hermitage and *Coté roti*, as I ſhoot by the foot of em? and what a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold pon the banks, advancing and retiring, the caſtles of mance, whence courteous knights have whilome reſcued e diſtreſs'd—and ſee vertiginous, the rocks, the mounins, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is with all her great works about her——

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the wreck f which look'd ſtately enough at the firſt, inſenſibly rew leſs and leſs in its ſize; the freſhneſs of the paintg was no more—the gilding loſt its luſtre—and the hole affair appear'd ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry!—ſo ontemptible!—and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the bbeſs of Andoüillet's itſelf—that I was juſt opening y mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vampg chaiſe undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, emanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted—No, no, ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſideways—Would Monſieur chuſe to ſell it? rejoin'd the undertaker——With all my ſoul, ſaid I—The iron work is worth forty vres—and the glaſſes worth forty more—and the leather ou may take to live on.

—What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me money, has this poſt-chaiſe brought me in? And is is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with e diſaſters of life—making a penny of every one of m, as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I haved under one the moſt oppreſſive of its kind which ould befal me as a man, proud, as he ought to be, of is manhood——

'Tis enough, ſaid'ſt thou, coming cloſe up to me, as ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon hat had *not* paſs'd——'Tis enough, Triſtram, and am ſatisfied, ſaid'ſt thou, whiſpering thoſe words in y ear, **** ** **** *** ******;——**** ** ***.——any other man would have ſunk down to the enter——

——Every thing is good for ſomething, quoth I.

——I'll go into Wales for ſix weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable, for blaming Fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life along, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I called her, with ſo many ſmall evils: ſurely if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones—a ſcore of good curſed, bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

——One of a hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XLVIII.

TO thoſe who call vexations VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in Lyons, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in France, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity—and not be able to ſee it. To be withheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation—muſt certainly be what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got two diſhes of milk-coffee (which, by-the-bye, is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to ſee enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, ſaid I, looking at my liſt, and ſee the wonderful mechaniſm of this great clock of Lippius of Baſil, in the firſt place——

Now,

Now, of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm——I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy——and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare, I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—tho' I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience as any Chriſtian ever could do at the other—

I'll go ſee the ſurpriſing movements of this great clock, ſaid I, the very firſt thing I do: and then I will pay a viſit to the great library of the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, a ſight of the thirty volumes of the general hiſtory of China, wrote (not in the Tartarian) but in the Chineſe language, and in the Chineſe character too.

Now I almoſt know as little of the Chineſe language as I do of the mechaniſm of Lippius's clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt——I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

When theſe curioſities are ſeen, quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my *valet de place*, who ſtood behind me—'twill be no hurt if WE go to the church of St. Ireneus, and ſee the pillar to which Chriſt was tied—and after that, the houſe where Pontius Pilate lived——'Twas at the next town, ſaid the *valet de place*—at Vienne. I am glad of it, ſaid I, riſing briſkly from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace——"for ſo much the ſooner ſhall I be "at the *Tomb of the two Lovers*."

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concern'd in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XLIX.

O! There is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)—a ſtory of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny—

Amandus——He
Amanda——She

each ignorant of the other's courſe,

He——eaſt
She——weſt

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the emperor of Morocco's court, where the princeſs of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon, for the love of his Amanda.—

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering barefoot, and with diſhevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains enquiring for Amandus——Amandus! Amandus!—making every hill and valley to echo back his name—

Amandus! Amandus!

At every town and city ſitting down forlorn at the gate —Has Amandus!—has my Amandus enter'd?—till,—going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpectedly bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

Is Amandus } ſtill alive?
Is my Amanda }

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more pabulum to the brain, than

than all the Frufts, and Crufts, and Rufts of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that ftruck on the right fide of the cullendar in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had ftrained into it; and finding, moreover, in fome Itinerary, but in what God knows ——That, facred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers call'd upon them to atteft their truths.—I never could get into a fcrape of that kind in my life, but this tomb of the lovers would, fome how or other, come in at the clofe——nay, fuch a kind of empire had it eftablifh'd over me, that I could feldom think or fpeak of Lyons—and fometimes not fo much as fee even a Lyons waiftcoat, but this remnant of antiquity would prefent itfelf in my wild way of running on ——though I fear with fome irreverence——"I thought this fhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca; and fo little fhort, except in wealth, of the Santa Cafa itfelf, that fome time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other bufinefs at Lyons) on purpofe to pay it a vifit."

In my lift, therefore, of videnda at Lyons, this, though laft—was not, you fee, leaft; fo taking a dozen or two of longer ftrides than ufual acrofs my room, juft whilft it paffed my brain, I walked down calmly into the Baffe Cour, in order to fally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I fhould return to my inn, I had paid it——had moreover given the maid ten fous, and was juft receiving the dernier compliments of Monfieur Le Blanc, for a pleafant voyage down the Rhône—when I was ftopped at the gate—

CHAP. L.

——'TWAS by a poor afs, who had juft turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemofinary turnep-tops and cabbage-leaves;

and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the ſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to ſtrike—There is a patient endurance of ſufferings wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me, and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will——whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage——I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him; and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance——and where thoſe carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.——I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the ſame reaſon; they act by rote, as the other ſpeaks by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both, (and for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could,) yet ſome how or other, they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation—I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations in his beds of juſtice—and thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue——

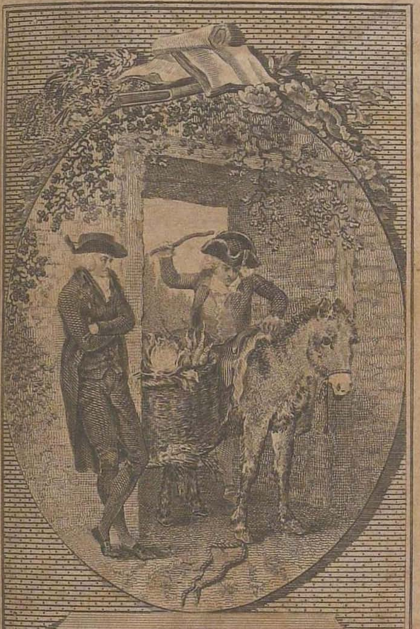
——But with an aſs I can commune for ever.

Come, *Honeſty!* ſaid I, ſeeing it was impracticable to paſs betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He



TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL.V. Ch.50.P.
Triſtram Shandy, commiſerating
the cruel treatment of the poor Aſs.

J. Ward, delin.t Engraved for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row.–April 27th 1793. C. Warren, sculp.t

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way—

I underſtand thee perfectly, anſwered I——if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it ſhall not be ſet down as ill-ſpent.

——He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and, in the little peeviſh contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—God help thee, Jack! ſaid I; thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages——'Tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem)—and thou haſt not a friend, perhaps, in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit of ſeeing how an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in—the poor beaſt was heavy loaded—his legs ſeem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand—He look'd up penſive in my face—"Don't thraſh me "with it—but if you will, you may."—If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbeſs of Andoüillets'—(ſo there was no ſin in it)——when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too; for the end of an ofiér, which had ftarted out from the contexture of the afs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rufhed by me, and rent it in the moft difaftrous direction you can imagine——fo that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, fhould have come in here —but this I leave to be fettled by

The

REVIEWERS

of

MY BREECHES

which I have brought over along with me for that purpofe.

CHAP. LI.

WHEN all was fet to rights, I came down ftairs again into the Baffe Cour with my *valet de place*, in order to fally out towards the Tomb of the two Lovers, &c. and was a fecond time ftopp'd at the gate——not by the perfon who ftruck him, and who, by that time, had taken poffeffion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very fpot of ground where the afs ftood—

It was a commiffary fent to me from the poft-office, with a refcript in his hand for the payment of fome fix livres odd fous.

Upon what account! faid I.——'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commiffary, heaving up both his fhoulders—

—My good friend, quoth I—as fure as I am I—and you are you—

—And who are you? faid he—Don't puzzle me, faid I.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII

——But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration—that I owe the king of France nothing but my good will; for he is a very honeſt man, and I wiſh him all health and paſtime in the world——

Pardonnez moi—replied the commiſſary, you are indebted to him ſix livres four ſous for the next poſt from hence to St. Fons in your rout to Avignon——which being a poſt royal, you pay double for the horſes and poſtillion—otherwiſe 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two ſous——

——But I don't go by land, ſaid I.

—You may, if you pleaſe, replied the commiſſary—

Your moſt obedient ſervant——ſaid I, making him a low bow——

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good breeding—made me one as low again——I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

——The devil take the ſerious character of theſe people! quoth I—(aſide) they underſtand no more of IRONY than this—

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers——but ſomething ſealed up my lips——I could not pronounce the name——

Sir, ſaid I, collecting myſelf——it is notmy intention to take poſt——

——But you may ſay——ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply——you may take poſt if you chuſe——

——And I may take ſalt to my pickled herring, ſaid I, if I chuſe—

——But I do not chuſe——

——But you muſt pay for it, whether you do or no—

Aye! for the ſalt, ſaid I, (I know)—

——And for the poſt too, added he.——Defend me! cried I——

I travel

I travel by water—I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon——my baggage is in the boat——and I have actually paid nine livres for my paſſage——

C'eſt tout egal——'tis all one, ſaid he.

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

——*C'eſt tout egal*, replied the commiſſary——

——The devil it is! ſaid I——but I will go to ten thouſand Baſtiles firſt——

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe, thou tendereſt of mothers——and gentleſt of nurſes, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophe——

When the director of Madam Le Blanc's conſcience coming in at that inſtance, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes at his devotions—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſs of his drapery—aſked, if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church—

I go by WATER—ſaid I—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OIL.

CHAP. LIII.

AS I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have his ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion, worth the money:

And ſo I ſet off thus:

——And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by what laws of courteſy is a defenceleſs ſtranger to be uſed the reverſe from what you uſe a Frenchman in this matter?

By no means, ſaid he.

Excuſe me, ſaid I—for you have begun, Sir, with firſt tearing of my breeches——and now you want my pocket—

Whereas—had you firſt taken my pocket, as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—'d after—I had been a beaſt to have complain'd——

As

As it is——

—'Tis contrary to the *law of nature*.

—'Tis contrary to *reaſon*.

—'Tis contrary to the *goſpel*.

But not to this——ſaid he—putting a printed paper into my hand.

PAR LE ROY.

—— ——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I—and ſo read on —

——By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, that if a man ſets out in a poſt-chaiſe from Paris—he muſt go on travelling in one all the days of his life—or pay for it.——Excuſe me, ſaid the commiſſary, the ſpirit of the ordinance is this—That if you ſet out with an intention of running poſt from Paris to Avignon, &c. you ſhall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without ſatisfying the fermiers for two poſts further than the place you repent at—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, that the REVENUES are not to fall ſhort through your fickleneſs—

——O by heavens! cried I—if fickleneſs is taxable in France——we have nothing to do but to make the beſt peace with you we can——

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

—And if it is a bad one—as Triſtram Shandy laid the corner ſtone of it—nobody but Triſtram Shandy ought to be hanged.

C H A P. LIV.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever things to the commiſſary as came to ſix livres four ſous, yet I was determined to note down the impoſition amongſt my remarks before I retir'd from the place; ſo putting

putting my hand into my coat pocket for my remarks—(which, by-the-bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of their remarks for the future) " my remarks were ſtolen"—Never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine upon the occaſion.

Heaven! earth! ſea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I ſhould——My remarks are ſtolen!—what ſhall I do?—Mr. Commiſſary! pray did I drop any remarks as I ſtood beſides you?—

You dropp'd a good many very ſingular ones, replied he——Pugh! ſaid I, thoſe were but a few, not worth above ſix livres two ſous—but theſe are a large parcel—He ſhook his head——Monſieur Le Blanc! Madam Le Blanc! did you ſee any papers of mine?——You maid of the houſe! run up ſtairs——François! run up after her——

—I muſt have my remarks—They were the beſt remarks, cried I, that ever were made—The wiſeſt—the wittieſt——What ſhall I do?—which way ſhall I turn myſelf?

Sancha Pança, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

C H A P. LV.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the Brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them——it then preſently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it to the chaiſe-vamper.

I leave this void ſpace that the reader may ſwear into it any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to——For my own part, if ever I ſwore a whole oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that——* * * * * * * * * *, ſaid I—and ſo my remarks through France,

 which

which were as full of wit as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the ſaid egg is worth a penny—have I been ſelling here to a chaiſe-vamper—for four Louis d'Ors—and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by heaven) worth ſix into the bargain. Had it been to Dodſley or Becket, or any creditable bookſeller, who was either leaving off buſineſs, and wanted a poſt-chaiſe —or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them, I could have borne it—but to a chaiſe-vamper!——Shew me to him this moment, François—ſaid I—The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I paſs'd the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. LVI.

WHEN we arriv'd at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up. It was the eighth of September, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin Mary, mother of God—

—Tantarra - ra - tan - tivi—The whole world was going out a May-poling—friſking here—capering there —nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophating upon my condition. By a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in, to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles——

The French women, by-the-bye, love May-poles, *a la folie*—that is, as much as their mattins——give 'em but a Maypole, whether in May, June, July, or September,—they never count the times——down it goes—'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em——and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips, (as wood is a little ſcarce in France) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles——

The women would ſet them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtep'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair—The toilette ſtands ſtill for no man—ſo ſhe jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as ſhe open'd the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground——I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing——

O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam! *J'en ſuis bien mortifiée*, ſaid ſhe—'Tis well, thinks I, they have ſtuck there—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made ſuch confuſion in a French-woman's noddle—She had better have gone with it unfrizled to the day of eternity.

Tenez—ſaid ſhe—So without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat——one was twiſted this way——another twiſted that——ay! by my faith; and when they are publiſhed, quoth I,——

They will be worſe twiſted ſtill.

CHAP. LVII.

AND now for Lippius's clock! ſaid I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties——Nothing can prevent us ſeeing that, and the Chineſe hiſtory, &c. except the time, ſaid François—for 'tis almoſt eleven—Then we muſt ſpeed the faſter, ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay, in my heart, that it gave me any concern, in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt door,—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and not gone for ſome years—It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruſe the Chineſe hiſtory; and beſides, I ſhall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flouriſhing condition——

——And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the hiſtory of China in Chineſe characters—as with many others

I could

I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified—The truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers——I wiſh to God, ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but loſt—It fell out as well——

For all the JESUITS *had got the cholic*——and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. LVIII.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons, namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, juſt without the gate leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaiſe ——I diſpatch'd François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I ſo long ow'd it, without a witneſs of my weakneſs——I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place—When I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me——

——Tender and faithful ſpirits! cried I, addreſſing myſelf to Amandus and Amanda—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb——I come—I come——

When I came——there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whiſtled, Lilla-bullero!

CHAP. LIX.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the Tomb of the Lovers—or rather I did not fly from it—(for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage;—and ere I had ſailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwix them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the Rhône before I made it——

——So now I am at Avignon—and as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe in which the Duke of Ormond reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horſe, with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both ſtriding the way before us with a long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering Avignon——though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this: That I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to Avignon,——that he ſhould therefore ſay, "Avignon is more ſubject to high winds than any town in all France:" for which reaſon I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident till I had enquired of the maſter of the inn about it, who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo—and hearing, moreover, the windineſs of Avignon ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb——I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe—The conſequence I ſaw—for they are all Dukes, Marquiſſes, and Counts there—the deuce a Baron in all Avignon—ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, ſaid I, take hold of my mule for a moment——for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots which hurt my heel—The man was ſtanding idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was ſomeway concerned about the houſe or ſtable, I put the

the bridle into his hand—ſo begun with my boot.—— When I had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

But Monſieur le Marquis had walked in——

CHAP. LX.

I HAD now the whole ſouth of France, from the banks of the Rhône to thoſe of the Garronne, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure—*at my own leiſure*—for I had left Death the Lord knows—and He only—how far behind me——"I have followed many a man through France, quoth he—but never at this mettleſome rate"——Still he followed——and ſtill I fled him—but I fled him chearfully——Still he purſued—but like one who purſued his prey without hope—as he lag'd, every ſtep he loſt ſoftened his looks—Why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; eſpecially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and preſents nothing to the eye but one unvaried picture of plenty; for, after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)—that the ſoil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them, but to carry them to ſome town; and that town, perhaps, of little more, but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain—and ſo on.

This is moſt terrible work: judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. LXI.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loitered *terribly* behind; half a mile at leaſt every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Baucaira and Taraſcone—I did not underſtand the principles——

The ſecond time, I cannot ſo properly ſay, I ſtopp'd——for meeting a couple of Franciſcans ſtraitened more for time than myſelf, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about—I had turn'd back with them——

The third was an affair of trade with a goſſip, for a hand-baſket of Provence figs for four ſous: this would have been tranſacted at once, but for a caſe of conſcience at the cloſe of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turned out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the baſket—As I had no intention of buying eggs—I made no ſort of claim of them—as for the ſpace they had occupied—what ſignified it? I had figs enow for my money——

—But it was my intention to have the baſket—it was the goſſip's intention to keep it, without which ſhe could do nothing with her eggs——and unleſs I had the baſket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and moſt of 'em burſt at the ſide: this brought on a ſhort contention, which terminated in ſundry propoſals, what we ſhould both do—

—How we diſpoſed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himſelf, had he not been there (which I am

am perſuaded he was) to form the leaſt probable conjecture. You will read the whole of it——Not this year, for I am haſtening to the ſtory of my uncle Toby's amours——but you will read it in the collection of thoſe which have aroſe out of the journey acroſs this plain—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like thoſe of other travellers, in this journey of it, over ſo barren a track—the world muſt judge—but the traces of it, which are now all ſet o'vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the moſt fruitful and buſy period of my life: for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time—by ſtopping and talking to every ſoul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every ſoul behind—hailing all thoſe who were coming through croſs roads—arreſting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not paſſing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into converſation with a pinch of ſnuff—in ſhort, by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*——I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf, and had ſome propoſals always on his part to offer to every beaſt he met—I am confident we could have paſſed through Pall Mall or St. James's Street for a month together with fewer adventures——and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dreſs——that whatever is beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimplicity which poets ſing of in better days——I will delude my fancy, and believe it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt Niſmes and Lunel, where there is the beſt Muſcatto wine in all France, and which, by-the-bye, belongs to the honeſt canons of Montpellier——

pellier——and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The fun was fet—they had done their work: the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh——and the fwains were preparing for a caroufal—My mule made a dead point——'Tis the fife and tabourin, faid I——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he——They are running at the ring of pleafure, faid I, giving him a prick—By St. Boogar, and all the faints at the backfide of the door of Purgatory, faid he——(making the fame refolution with the abbefs of Andouillets') I'll not go a ftep further——'Tis very well, Sir, faid I——I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live; fo leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that——I'll take a dance, faid I——fo ftay you here.

A fun-burnt daughter of Labour arofe up from the groupe to meet me as I advanced towards them. Her hair, which was a dark chefnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a fingle trefs.

We want a cavalier, faid fhe, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye fhall have, faid I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadft thou, Nannette, been array'd like a duchefs!

—But that curfed flit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, faid fhe, letting go one hand, with felf-taught politenefs, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompenced with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran fweetly over the prelude, as he fat upon the bank—Tie me up this trefs inftantly, faid Nannette, putting a piece of ftring into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a ftranger——The whole knot fell down—We had been feven years acquainted.

The youth ftruck the note upon the tabourin——his pipe followed, and off we bounded——"The deuce take that flit!"

The ſiſter of the youth, who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother——'Twas a Gaſcoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!
FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them——

I would have given a crown to have it ſew'd up—Nannette would not have given a ſous—*Viva la joia!* was in her lips—*Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A tranſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us—She look'd amiable!——Why could I not live and end my days thus? Juſt diſpoſer of our joys and ſorrows, cried I, why could not a man ſit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and ſing, and ſay his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſidious——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier—from thence to Peſçnas, Beziers—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcaſſon, and Caſtle Naudairy, till at laſt I danced myſelf into Perdrillo's pavilion, where pulling a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my uncle Toby's amours——

I begun thus——

CHAP. LXII.

—BUT ſoftly —— for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where at this inſtant all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every ſtep that's taken the judgment is ſurpriſed by the imagination, I defy, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon *ſtraight lines* * in

* See p. 28.

in ſundry pages of my book—I defy the beſt cabbage-planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account—(except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages, one by one, in ſtraight lines, and ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats are unſew'd up—without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or ſidling into ſome baſtardly digreſſion.——In Freezeland, Fog-land, and ſome other lands I wot of—it may be done.

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent—in this land, my dear Eugenius—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſkrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of Julia's track in queſt of her Diego, in full view of my ſtudy-window—if thou comeſt not and takeſt me by the hand—

What a work is it likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAP. LXIII.

IT is with *love* as with *cuckoldom*——

—But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live—(whereas the *compariſon* may be imparted to him any hour in the day)——I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this:

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the beſt—I'm ſure it is the moſt religious——for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence——and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and folly of opening his ſtreet-door, and calling in his neighbours, and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even ſometimes before it halfway reaches me——

I believe in my conſcience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait * are fools to me——no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire—I wiſh I could ſay of good works too——but I have no

Zeal or Anger——or
Anger or Zeal——

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame—the arranteſt Tartuffe in ſcience—in politics—or in religion, ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

C H A P. LXIV.

— *Bon jour!* —— good morrow! — ſo you have got your cloke on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted, than go o'foot—and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous—And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both ſides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle and couſins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, ſtranguries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore eyes.——What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood — give ſuch

* Vide Pope's Portrait.

ſuch a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaiſter—night-draught—gliſter—bliſter!——And why ſo many grains of calomel? Santa Maria! and ſuch a doſe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye from head to tail—By my great aunt Dinah's old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* ſhe was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the *maſk* afreſh, was more than the maſk was worth——and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all——

This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one archbiſhop, a Welſh judge, ſome three or four aldermen, and a ſingle mountebank——

In the ſixteenth century we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen alchymiſts.

CHAP. LXV.

"IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom"——the ſuffering party is at leaſt the *third*, but generally the laſt in the houſe who knows any thing about the matter. This comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing: and ſo long as what in this veſſel of the human frame is *Love*—may be *Hatred* in that——*Sentiment* half a yard higher——and *Nonſenſe*————no, Madam,—not there—I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my fore-finger—how can we help ourſelves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, who ever ſoliloquized upon this myſtic ſubject, my uncle Toby was the worſt fitted to have puſh'd his reſearches through ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee

what they would turn out—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifestos thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. LXVI.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg—(proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profess'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence or shew of logic in it, "That a rill of cold "water, dribbling through my inward parts, should light "up a torch in my Jenny's——"

—The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects——

But it shews the weakness and imbecillity of human reason.

——"And in perfect good health with it?"

—— The most perfect—Madam, that friendship herself could wish me——

——"And drink nothing!—nothing but water!"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou presses against the flood-gates of the brain, see how they give way!——

In swims *Curiosity*, beckoning to her damsels to follow—they dive into the center of the current——

Fancy sits musing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits—And *Desire*, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her, with the other——

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turn'd this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—bepowdering their ribs—bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature—

—If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius—And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, so would I.

Which shews they had both read Longinus——

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own as long as I live.

CHAP. LXVII.

I WISH my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the first moment widow Wadman saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour—Something!—something—

—Something perhaps more than friendship—less than love—Something—no matter what—no matter where—I would not give a single hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself (indeed the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worships into the secret——

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, or any how, or any where, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had——, or during the time he was under cure; when the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact—my uncle Toby drank it for quietness sake.

Now as all the world knows, that no effect in nature can be produced without a cause; and as it is as well known, that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator—unless as a captain, you will

needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and besides, the whole is an equivocation—There is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my uncle Toby's leg——but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment in the foot—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot—for my uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and aukward, from a total disuse of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other respects as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or passage of my life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments in getting out of 'em——Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every side of thee—are they, Tristram, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou hast ten cart-loads of thy fifth and sixth volumes still—still unsold, and art almost at thy wit's ends how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile asthma thou gattest in skaiting against the wind in Flanders? and is it but two months ago, that, in a fit of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands) thou brakest a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?—

CHAP. LXVIII.

——But for heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the ſtory ſtrait before us; it is ſo nice and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and ſome how or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it——

—I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. LXIX

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we had ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the reſt of the allies, that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair—It was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pick-ax, or a ſhovel——

——It was a bed to lie on:—ſo that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurniſhed, and the little inn where poor La Fever died not yet built, my uncle Toby was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon and engineer, ſuperadded that of an excellent upholſterer too) with the help of a carpenter, and a couple of tailors, conſtructed one in my uncle Toby's houſe.

A daughter of Eve, for ſuch was widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—"*That ſhe was a perfect woman,*"

had better be fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed—or playing with a caſe-knife—or any thing you pleaſe——than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors, and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of

of viewing a man in more lights than one——but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light, without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattels along with him ——till, by reiterated acts of ſuch combinations, he gets foiſted into her inventory—

—And then good night.

But this is no matter of Syſtem; for I have delivered that above—nor is it matter of Breviary—for I make no man's creed but my own—nor matter of Fact—at leaſt that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. LXX.

I DO not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them——or the ſtrength of their guſſets—but pray do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts as much in this particular, as in any thing elſe in the world, That they ſo far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almoſt as much below the feet, as the day ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow Wadman's night-ſhifts (as was the mode I ſuppoſe in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut however after this faſhion; and if the faſhion is changed—(for in Italy they are come to nothing)—ſo much the worſe for the public; they were two Flemiſh ells and a half in length; ſo that allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleak and decemberly nights of a ſeven years widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and for the two laſt years had got eſtabliſh'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—That as ſoon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave Bridget notice.——Bridget, with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt opened the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold

of the half-ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furtheſt extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking-pin out of her ſleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pin'd the plaits all faſt together a little above the hem; which done, ſhe tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wiſh'd her miſtreſs a good night

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this; that on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c. to do this—ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions, and ſo performed it ſtanding—kneeling——or ſquatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in, and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect the *etiquette* was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bed-chamber in Chriſtendom.

The firſt night, as ſoon as the corporal had conducted my uncle Toby up ſtairs, which was about ten—— Mrs. Wadman threw herſelf into her arm-chair, and croſsing her left knee with her right, which formed a reſting place for her elbow, ſhe reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night ſhe went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of freſh candles, and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my uncle Toby's ſtay) when Bridget had pulled down the night-ſhift, and was eſſaying to ſtick in the corking-pin——

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the ſame time the moſt natural kick that could be kick'd in her ſituation—for ſuppoſing * * * * * * * to be the ſun in its meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick—ſhe kick'd the pin out of her fingers—the *etiquette* which hung upon it,

it, down—down it fell to the ground, and was ſhivered into a thouſand atoms.

From all which it was plain, that widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

CHAP. LXXI.

MY uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters; ſo that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is ſpeaking with regard to my uncle Toby— but with reſpect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy)—of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray——I chuſe for that reaſon to call theſe the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of an *old hat cock'd*—and a *cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have ſo often been at odds with one another——but there is a difference here in the nature of things——

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. LXXII.

NOW as widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby—and my uncle Toby did not love widow Wadman, there was nothing for widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby——or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one or the other——

——Gracious heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myſelf; for whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs

goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her—and that ſhe careth not three half-pence whether I eat my breakfaſt or no——

——Curſe on her! and ſo I ſend her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and ſo on to the devil: In ſhort, there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions in theſe tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very center of the milkway——

Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one—

—The deuce take her and her influence too——for at that word I loſe all patience—much good may it do him! ——By all that is hirſute and gaſhly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger—I would not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!

——But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—and warm——and ſoft; eſpecially if you ſtroke it the right way——but alas! that will never be my luck——(ſo here my philoſophy is ſhipwreck'd again)—

——No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pye—(ſo here I break my metaphor)——

Cruſt and crumb.
Inſide and out.
Top and bottom——I deteſt it, I hate it, I repudiate it——I'm ſick at the ſight of it——

'Tis all peper,
garlick,
ſtaragen,
ſalt, and
devil's dung.——By the great arch cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but ſit down by the fire-ſide, and invent inflammatory diſhes for us, I would not touch it for the world.

——O Triſtram! Triſtram! cried Jenny.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and ſo went on with the ſeventy-third chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIII.

——“ Not touch it for the world !”——did I ſay—Lord ! how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor !

CHAP. LXXIV.

WHICH ſhews, let your reverences and worſhips ſay what you will of it—(for as for thinking—all who do think——think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)——Love is certainly, at leaſt alphabetically ſpeaking, one of the moſt

A gitating
B ewitching
C onfounded
D eviliſh affairs of life—the moſt
E xtravagant
F utilitous
G alligaſkiniſh
H andy-dandyiſh
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human paſſions ; at the ſame time the moſt
M iſgiving
N innyhammering
O bſtipating
P ragmatical
S tridulous
R idiculous——tho', by-the-bye, the R ſhould have gone firſt.—But in ſhort, 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my uncle Toby upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject—“ You can ſcarce,” ſaid he, “ combine two ideas together upon it, brother “ Toby, without an hypallage.”—What's that ? cried my uncle Toby.

The cart before the horſe, replied my father——

——And

——And what has he to do there? cried my uncle Toby.

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in——or let it alone.

Now widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She ſtood, however, ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points to watch accidents.

CHAP. LXXV.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion, (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind,) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects, hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Chriſtendom, but the very houſe and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman's. This, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occaſions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted. She could obſerve my uncle Toby's motions, and was miſtreſs likewiſe of his councils of war; and as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and ſometimes, out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. LXXVI.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire like a candle, at either end——provided there is a ſufficient

wick ſtanding out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that caſe has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myſelf—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt——I would oblige a houſewife conſtantly to light me at the top, for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſeraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles, to the blind gut——

——I beſeech you, Dr. Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me—I beſeech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

The *blind gut*, anſwered Dr. Slop, lies betwixt the *ilion* and *colon*—

—In a man? ſaid my father.

—'Tis preciſely the ſame, cried Dr. Slop, in a woman—

That's more than I know, quoth my father.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.